

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1807.

[NUMBER XX.]

THE FAIR PENITENT.

From the French of Madame de Genlis.

IN the reign of king John, of France, the young and valiant Henry de Clermont, returning from a long journey, traversed Brittany, attended only by a single esquire. He was a relation of the unfortunate Robert de Clermont, the favourite of the dauphin, who afterwards became a victim to the fury of faction, being assassinated in the arms of his prince.

One night the young chevalier, having lost his way, wandered so far that he was unable to find again the right road. It was extremely dark, and the rain, which suddenly fell, forced him to stop between Japain and Ploermel, at a place famous for the battle of the thirty, which had been fought there some years before, and in which the French gained a brilliant victory over the English. The travellers found themselves extremely distressed, when the repeated barkings of dogs which they heard, convinced them they were near an habitation. They turned their steps towards it, soon perceived the lights, and at length arrived at an old castle. The first draw-bridge was raised: they knocked, and some domestics appeared: the young chevalier announced himself, and asked admittance for the night. They made him wait some minutes, while they received their master's orders. The illustrious name of Clermont ensured Henry an honorable reception: the domestics returned with an air of eagerness, with lanterns, and introduced the young knight. The latter learned with pleasure, on questioning them, that the castle and

surrounding lands belonged to the seigneur de Beaumanoir; whom he had never seen, but whom he knew by the report of fame. Beaumanoir, at the battle of the thirty, had been the leader of the French, and conqueror of the valiant Bernbro': he had also signalised himself by many other achievements.

Henry, as he traversed the spacious courts, observed an extraordinary commotion in the mansion; a prodigious number of pages, esquires, valets, and horses, filled the court yards. Henry asked his conductors whether the seigneur de Beaumanoir was about to give a tournament?—"Oh no," they replied, "he is employed in preparing a magnificent *fete*, very different from a tournament;—a *fete* that will make us all happy."

"What do you mean?"

"It would take an hour or two, to explain the whole affair."

"But can you not hint it in a word or two?"

"Pardon us, my lord, for saying no more on the subject; the *fete* will be superb, yet the cause of it is melancholy: we could none of us give you the history of it without tears. But to-morrow all the servants of the castle, and the villagers, and all the great lords around, will be very happy. There will be an illumination, a *bal champetre*; and we shall dance with such light hearts!"

"The *fete* will doubtless conclude with tilting?"

"No, indeed, that would spoil all."

Henry, notwithstanding his ardent curiosity, could ask no more questions; he entered the castle, and, after having passed through apartments and galleries, found himself in a magnificent hall, the company consisting solely of men. The seigneur Beaumanoir advanced towards him; his reception of him was polite, though grave and serious. Beaumanoir was a man of about five-and-forty years of age, of a stature almost gigantic, though well proportioned; his manners were haughty, his countenance inflexible and gloomy, and he was cold and silent. Henry remarked upon every countenance a melancholy expression which struck him; every one also had a mysterious air, and all were silent, or only whispered.

Amidst this numerous company, Henry suddenly recognised, with pleasure, a knight of his acquaintance, the brave Montauban: he approached him, and was about to question him, when supper was announced. Henry was unable to place himself near Montauban, as he wished, because Beaumanoir, calling him, made him sit by his side. The forty knights who composed the assembly, placed themselves at table, which Henry observed with astonishment, was of immense length, and much larger than was necessary. The largest side, that opposite to Beaumanoir, was entirely empty: but in the middle of this side, and directly opposite to Beaumanoir, was set a plate, and before it a large cup, which attracted the whole attention of the young travellers. This cup was formed like a funeral urn, and composed of a brown earth; it was mounted on a red pedestal, and had at the extremity of its edge, a gilt handle, supported by a death's head

embossed in ivory. Under this mournful ornament was written on the cup, in large letters of gold, the name *Adelmar*.

While Henry endeavoured in vain to discover or imagine the meaning of this mystery, he heard a door open. He raised his eyes, and he remained motionless at the sight of the object that presented itself to his view. A lady, in a mourning dress, advanced slowly: a deep veil entirely concealed her face. She approached the table, on the empty side, opposite to Beaumanoir; then bent one knee, and remained for a moment in that attitude, while a profound silence reigned through the hall. At length Beaumanoir spoke:—"Valerie," said he, in a solemn tone, "rise and take off your veil!" At this command Valerie uttered a deep groan, but in so plaintive a manner, that young Clermont shuddered. Valerie threw her veil back, and discovered a countenance ravishingly beautiful, which youth, paleness, and an expression of the deepest melancholy, had rendered as interesting as it was regular.—"Place yourself at table:—let her seat be bro't," continued Beaumanoir. This seat was a wooden stool, resembling that on which criminals are seated. The wretched Valerie, with her eyes continually cast down, seated herself before the plate that was reserved for her, and the fatal cup was near her, on her right. Valerie displayed her napkin, but she ate nothing. Beaumanoir, then, seeming no longer to be attentive to her, affected to converse with his friends on different subjects; but, after the first course, "Valerie," said he, in a kind of hollow voice, "*you must drink!*" The words made Valerie tremble.—"*You must drink!*" repeated Beaumanoir, in a terrible tone; at the same time he rose and filled the cup. Valerie shuddered, as she lifted it to her mouth. Her long black eye-lashes were moistened with the tears which mingled with her beverage. When the supper was concluded, she rose, bowed profoundly, and offered to retire; but when she had gone a few paces—"Stay, Valerie," said Beau-

manoir; "return!" Valerie obeyed; Beaumanoir extended his arms, and, with an emphatic action, seizing the funeral cup, dashed it with violence against the pavement, and broke it in a thousand pieces, exclaiming with a voice like thunder—"Perish the remembrance of him forever!" Valerie melted into tears; the knights applauded with transport. Valerie covered herself with her veil, and disappeared.

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

"And what is friendship but a name?
A tale that lulls to sleep;
A shade, that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep."

BELIEVE me, gentle reader, whoever thou mayest be, there are but few among mortals, whose friendship, when acquired, will repay thee for the meanness of solicitation. If a man voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance, and be anxious, when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A *real* friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess, and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black swan. But whatever thou may'st do, *solicit* not friendship. If thou art young, and would make thy way in the world, bind thyself for seven years to a tallow-chandler, that thou may'st, in time to come, have wherewith to be independent.

Some in this city have made their fortunes at a taylor's board; and shoemakers have bought their country seats; but seldom, very seldom, has the man who has placed his dependance on the friendship of his fellow-man, arrived at even the shadow of the honors, to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay,

if even thou should'st find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment by his assistance thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps irremediable, obscurity.

F.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

"What you say?—honor—what pe dat honor?"

"Weel, altho' I dinna preten to be muckle book-read, I'll try to teil you; but I'se no gang about to gie ye a learned or Dixnary explainin o't. Ye ken then that if ony body wad ca' ye *Sourkrout* or throw kail-runts about your lugs, an a' just for naething; or gif some glib-gabbet skelpi-limmer, whan I wad be busy warkin, wad spier if I cou'd play on the *fiddle* as weel as the rungs on the buck, to be sure, we wadna be owre weel pleased, nor vera fand o't—sae, whan ae *gentleman* ca's anither in the coffe-house, a liar, or a scoundrel, or sic-like gentlemanly names, or helps him doon stairs wi a kick on his backside, or sae, why then, this is ca'ed an *insult*, an man be satisfackit—now this is honor an—" "O, if dat pe it, I tinks it pe very brober to have a pit of some kind of bunishment or oder, subbose to be trown-ed or tuckd in te river or so; for pecause, I tinks to shoot him very pad would pe cruel, ant—" "Hut mann, dinna ye ken na mair about it than that? Why, ye auld curmudgeon ye, d'ye think that any body wad be sic a fool as to stan up like a howlet just to be shot at? Na, na, I assure ye, there's na sic thing as that done—whan ane is *insulted*, he sens a *challenge*, as they ca' it, to the ither, and then *baith* gae out to the kirk-aird, or some bye lane or ither, an fire awa there till ane fa's, an then thir honor is saved." "What! paith shoot? what mean dat? Pe shure de man dat is cave de plow toes not fire too, oder dat is one very strange way of to get satisfaction. I tinks dat I

would be a pig-fool to let any body shoot at me because he tane me wrong." "Weel a weel now, I ken it leuks unco queer, but that is the way the folks mak duels, an then they hae their names talkt o' every where, and the ladies think them sae brave and courageous—an besides a gentleman that winna let himsel be shot at for ha'n been weel kickt and cufft, may be ay after ca'd a coward an nae gentleman, as lang as he lives—an indeed, my gude frien, it may be muckle mortifyin to ken that ane's never thought a gentleman, when ane has naething to mak it appear otherwise than by hearsay.

I dinna mean to say that a' that divert themselves in shootin their friens are not gentlemen, but—" "A shentleman shoot his vriend! coot cot! vy, if a negur dat has no sense, murter a man dat he toes not so much as know, for a liddle money—."

By this time I had extracted the gravel from my boot, and replaced the much annoyed foot in its receptacle; when turning the corner, I left the heroes of the buck and saw to finish their dialogue upon the very fashionable amusement of duelling.

DONALD.

Extracts from

"THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE."

(Continued.)

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

Sen. STARTING for a long ride, on a dinner engagement, without a great coat, in a mist which successively becomes a mizzle, a drizzle, a shower, a rain, a torrent:—on arriving at the house, at last, compleely drenched, you have to beg the favour of making yourself look like a full or an empty sack; by your host's untractable clothes.

Tes. The flap of a limber saddle rolling up, and galling, and pinching your calf, just above the half-boot, through a long day's ride.

A very hard trotting horse, who sets off before you have discovered that the stirrups are too long to assist you in humouring his jolt:—then, trying in vain to stop him.

Beguiling a long distance in a carriage at night, over an execrable road, with a drunken coachman, jaded horses, and frightened ladies.

At the moment when your horse is beginning to run away with you, losing your stirrup—which runs away too; and bangs your instep raw, as often as you attempt to catch it with your foot.

Being mounted on a beast, who, as soon as you have watered him on the road, proceeds very coolly to repose himself in the middle of the pond, without taking you at all into his counsel, or paying the slightest attention to your vivid remonstrances on the subject.

On opening your trunk, after a long journey, discovering that the snuff contained in an ill packed canister, has burst its cearments, and grimed itself into your clean linen, &c.

On arriving at an inn, half-drowned, and half-frozen, in an open carriage, and eagerly flying for your life to the kitchen fire, as the warmest place—being every instant humped, bumped, hustled, hustled, scalded, and scolded from your post by a mob of red hot cooks and scullions, waiters, &c. as they are in the full fermentation of getting up two or three large dinners.

Tes. In a bleak ride—to be kept freezing at a turnpike gate for half an hour, while you fumble in your pocket, with a thick glove on, (which you have not courage to take off) for pence to pay;—your fingers being so cold, that, even without a glove, they could not feel the difference between a handkerchief and a halfpenny.

Your carriage horses all at once standing inflexibly still, just as you are entering, late in the evening, upon Hounslow

heath, with half your income in your pocket, and no pistols to guard it.

Discovering, at the end of a long and fatiguing journey, that you have involuntarily lightened your carriage by leaving two or three hundred miles behind, the box of letters, papers, account books, &c. which constituted the sole object of your expedition.

HATRED.

It is asserted, in justification of hatred that injuries make a deep impression on strong minds, and that whoever is capable of loving passionately, must likewise, be capable of hating with equal violence. This apology for hatred is a sophism. Real strength, which proceeds from greatness of mind, consists in the ability to subdue the passions, and not in submitting to their direction. Hatred and revenge are disgraceful and criminal foibles. Woe to him who takes a pride in cherishing hatred! He displays at the same time the depravity of his soul, and the preservation of his understanding. What! can a man applaud himself for encouraging a horrible sentiment which gnaws and tortures his own bosom; can he think of the unfortunate object who excites it, only to wish him misfortune, only to speak ill of him; can he receive pain from his prosperity, and pleasure from his errors and his distresses! O heavens! can the heart that indulges these execrable emotions enjoy a moment's repose, and is it not as cowardly, as it is inhuman!

JOURNAL.

It would be an excellent habit, and would wonderfully contribute to give extent and solidity to the understanding, not to omit, each night, before retiring to rest, to write in a journal all the most interesting things you have heard or seen in the course of the day.

From Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine for October, 1806, we present our readers with the following SINGULAR NARRATIVE of

MARSHAL TURRENE.

THE celebrated Viscount Turrene, in his early youth, was a man of pleasure, in the innocent sense of that word; it was his constant maxim, that man was formed for two purposes, to be virtuous, and to be happy. He did not confine the latter term within the limits of any philosophical theory,—he understood happiness as the world, and not as the philosophers understood it. Being of a gay disposition, he gave it free vent; and the levities of his youth were as much the subject of conversation, as the heroism of his maturer years has become the theme of history.

He used to relate with much pleasure, a kind of adventure which had occurred to him upon his first introduction into the great world—the court of Louis XIV. We here translate it freely as it is given in a French work of much literary reputation, which has just appeared in Paris, and attracted much attention.

The father of Turrene was persuaded that his son would make his fortune at Paris, but with that kind of blindness not uncommon to parents, he expected this desired event by means very little suited to the character and mind of the young chevalier. Will it be credited that Turrene was sent to the court of Louis XIV. for the purpose of making his fortune by entering into the Sorbonne?

Accordingly, with ten Louis d'Ors in his pocket, the young Turrene was conducted by his father, to the town nearest his paternal chateau, whence the good old gentleman saw his son safely into a provincial stage, and with many blessings, left him on his road to Paris.

Turrene, when a few miles on his road, got into conversation with a fellow-passenger; and there being in the vehicle but this gentleman and himself, they soon became as much acquainted as if they

had passed the whole of their lives together. Turrene himself was always noted for his candour and pleasantry, and the young Chevalier, his fellow-passenger seemed much of the same character. There were, therefore, no limits to their mutual confidence. Turrene entered into a narrative of his expectations; and his companion, equally communicative, informed Turrene of all the circumstances of his situation.

Turrene learned by this detail that the name of his companion was the Chevalier Dupaty; that he was the son of an old citizen of Blois, and was going to Paris on a visit to a merchant, the old friend of his father, with the purpose of marrying the old gentleman's daughter. Old Monsieur Dupaty and the Parisian merchant had, it seems, been educated together, and though so separated by the events of their future life, that they had scarcely seen each other for twenty years, they had mutually retained that affectionate remembrance not uncommon in like situations. The old merchant, whose name is given as Monsieur St. George, had therefore sent an invitation to Monsieur Dupaty, to endeavour to unite their families, expressing in the same letter, what he would give with his daughter, and what he should expect the young Dupaty would bring with him. The letter concluded, that if old Dupaty agreed to the proposal, the young Chevalier should be sent with a bag of five hundred crowns, and the nuptials be forthwith concluded.

"Have you never seen your intended, Chevalier?" said Turrene.—"Never;" replied the young Dupaty.—"Nor the old gentleman;" rejoined Turrene.—"Never, my friend;" re-added the Chevalier.—"It will be a singular union, then," said Turrene, "but perhaps these things are not so much the worse for being done blind-folded; fortune may choose perhaps as well as ourselves."

In this conversation between the young

friends, passed the whole interval of the journey, till their arrival at Paris. It was then agreed between the two companions, that they should stop at the same Inn. But scarcely had they reached this Inn, and were left alone in their chamber, when a very unexpected incident occurred. The young Dupaty was seized with a violent complaint in his bowels. Whether arising from the journey, or from any other cause, the disease was so violent and instantaneous in its effect, that Turrene had scarcely time to call for help, before his companion had expired.

There is a help for every thing but death.—Turrene retired to his bed, and revolved the incidents of the day, and his journey. Turrene was at an age when the spirit of mischief is supposed to predominate. Turrene rose in the morning, and going to the trunk of the deceased Chevalier, the keys of which Dupaty had given him previous to his unhappy catastrophe, he examined the contents; and taking the letters and the bag containing the five hundred crowns, sallies forth for the house of Monsieur St. George, having given previous orders for the burial of his friend. It may be here necessary to mention, that, by the regulations of Paris, every one was required to be buried within twelve hours after their decease.

On coming to the house of Monsieur St. George, Turrene ordered the porter to announce his arrival to his master.

"Who am I to announce, Sir?" said the porter.

"The Chevalier Dupaty."

The porter had not lived in the family for nothing; he knew the family secrets as well as Monsieur St. George himself. He eagerly, therefore, hastened to announce what he knew to be most agreeable intelligence.

In the mean time Turrene, left by himself in a large parlour, had leisure to look around him; he found himself in one of

those houses, or rather palaces, which belong to the higher order of merchants. Every thing bespoke the wealth of its owner. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the old gentleman, who approaching in haste, precipitated himself into the arms of Turrene. Turrene returned his embraces with equal warmth. The old gentleman was enraptured at the figure of his intended son-in-law. He overwhelmed him with family questions, to all of which the candid communication of his deceased friend had enabled Turrene to return most satisfactory answers. Turrene delivered his letters. The old gentleman read them.

"You have brought then," said he, "the five hundred crowns which your father has mentioned in his letter?"

Turrene replied to this interrogatory, by putting the bag into the hands of the old gentleman.

"Good, my young friend," replied the worthy Monsieur St. George. "Your father, I perceive, is as much a man of business as myself. You will soon learn that my fortune, and what I shall give my daughter, did not require the addition of five hundred crowns, but I was willing that your father should have some share in the happiness of setting you a going. I am a plain man, young gentleman, your father has done his part, and I shall now do mine."

With these words he rang a bell; and, upon the entrance of a servant, commanded him to summon a priest by a certain hour in the same evening. "In the mean time you shall go and see my wife and daughter. It is fit that a young man should become acquainted with his wife."

Turrene was accordingly conducted to the drawing-room, and introduced to a matronly woman, and a young girl of great beauty, the wife and daughter of the worthy merchant; who, after the ceremony of introduction, left the young chevalier to recommend himself.

In this Turrene so effectually succeeded, that, by the hour of dinner, the ladies had become more than commonly satisfied with their new acquaintance. The good old matron looked with pride upon the elegant figure and manly accomplishments of her intended son, and the young lady blushed with more meaning, but with equal satisfaction.

Turrene equally recommended himself during the dinner and desert. The merchant almost crossed himself with surprise, how his old friend, the citizen of Blois, who was a proverb of niggardly economy, could have given his son so brilliant an education.

It was now becoming late; the priest was expected. Turrene, upon a sudden, rose; assumed a look of solemnity, and beckoned the merchant to follow him. The merchant, in some surprise, obeyed.

Turrene descended the stairs, and entered the street. The merchant enquired whither he was going? Turrene waved his hand—The merchant, more astonished, continued to follow him.

It was the month of December, and therefore, though the hour was eight in the evening, it was foggy, and dark as midnight. Turrene, holding the merchant by the arm, insensibly led him into the cloisters of the Monastery of the Benedictines, when, suddenly stopping, "my friend," said he, "it is enough, I have discharged that for which it was permitted me to be absent, and must now return. Behold in me the spirit of the young Chevalier Dupaty. I arrived in Paris at the Hotel de Pont Matre, at six o'clock yesterday evening, and died of the cholic about half an hour after my arrival. I need not tell you that my father had entrusted to my care a bag of five hundred crowns. My senses survived my speech, and made me anxious that as the match could not be concluded from the circumstance of my death, the money might return into the hands of my father. I must not declare further the secrets of

the grave,—suffice it that the last wish of my life was the first of my death.—The permission was granted me—the thing is done, and the money safe. I must now return to be buried.—This very hour is the time appointed for me to enter the grave.—Farewell."

With these words, whilst the merchant was fixed in motionless astonishment, Turrene disappeared, availing himself of the darkness of the night, and an obscure turn in the cloisters.

After some moments of mute surprise, the merchant, rubbing his eyes, looked about him. Turrene, as we have said, had disappeared.—The merchant called, no one answered. In a word, the merchant became horror struck, and recovered himself only to hurry home and relate the terrible adventure to his wife and daughter.

Terror has quick steps; he soon regained his own door, and knocked for entrance with unusual violence.

Before the door was opened, a cart with trunks came up to it. The merchant demanded from whence it came?

"From the Hotel de Pont Matre."—"From whom there?" demanded the merchant, eagerly.

"They are the trunks of the young Chevalier Dupaty," replied the carter.

"And where is the young Chevalier Dupaty?" rejoined the merchant.

"In his grave by this time," replied the carter, "the bell of Notre Dieu was announcing the burial as I left the Inn."

"What, the Chevalier is really dead, then?" said the merchant, his hair erecting itself with increased horror.

"Yes," replied the carter, "dead as Adam. He arrived in the city yesterday afternoon, and died within half an hour afterwards."

The merchant's door now opened; he

stayed not to ask another question, but rushed up to relate to his wife the circumstances of the apparition.

The story got about Paris, and as Turrene was silent, it was almost generally believed that the young Chevalier Dupaty had appeared to the merchant St. George, as has been related.

L. H.

The soft touch of sympathy will actuate the feeling heart, on reading the following pathetic description. It affords a correct delineation of one of the many scenes of human suffering. The tender mother, from a recollection of her own sorrows, may chance to weep, as she peruses it; and the tear of paternal sensibility bedew the cheek of the father, when it reminds him of the loss of his darling boy.

Lady's Mis.

THE DYING INFANT.

THE taper was just glimmering in the socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother awaked from a momentary slumber, to renew her anguish: she turned her eyes on her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were slowly turning in their hollow abodes. It was midnight, and nothing was heard but the strokes of the clock pendulum, and the heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which mingled with the short deep breath, of his suffering darling.

Half raised, and leaning on his pillow, he had been watching the dread moment, when a sigh or a struggle should announce that hope and life had together taken their everlasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the attention of the wretched parents from the melancholy object of their meditation; it was the expiring infant's favourite bird, whose food had been neglected ever since the danger of its little admirer had absorbed all other care, and, as the sad presage of its fate, it now expired! The parents looked alternately on each other, and on the bird, but at this instant, to add to their distress, the candle ceased to burn,—the father seized his

infant's hand,—the mother felt for its forehead, but the pulse was still, and all was cold!

J. M. F.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

"ARE you not cold, my dear; for my part, I feel the bleak wind most sensibly."—"O no, Eliza; I take care to ward off the cold, by exercise in walking." By this time I had passed the hearing the conversation of two very interesting young ladies, who met in Broadway. Their dresses were proper for the genial air of May, when the mild zephyr wafts the perfume from the violet. For my own part, I felt the inclemency of the season, although warmly clad. And is it possible, thought I, these tender girls can really sustain the effects of the cold easterly wind in those habiliments, and without complaining too? I had not passed fifty paces, when, with light fantastic foot, they tripped by me, and entered the magnificent dwelling of ——— Esq.

How many, thought I, of our young females, through inattention to their dress, contract pulmonic complaints, and are, as it were, hurried

"On that journey, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

To find cause of complaint against many of the most lovely part of creation, is, assuredly, an unpleasing task. My suggestions, however, have arisen from sensibility.—I would witness those lovely creatures, who are life's chief solace, exercise that judgment which many of them possess in an eminent degree; and, instead of courting physical ills, strive to guard against their influence.

Tuesday noon.

P.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

ANECDOTES OF FOOTE.

THE BATH APOTHECARY.

FOOTE riding out on the Downs near Bath, in company with a friend, they ob-

served, at some distance, a person coming towards them, who appeared to be dressed out in gold lace. "What beau on horseback is this?" said the friend: "Psha! (on his coming a little closer) 'tis nobody after all, but the little quicksilver apothecary, with his tawdry waistcoat."—"Be a little more circumspect for the future," said Foote, "as you see it is not all gold that glisters."

FOOTE AND MACKLIN.

FOOTE, who was ever at the extremes of fortune, now at the top, now at the bottom of her wheel, happened to be in the latter condition, when Macklin and he happened to meet. They were both at the Bedford coffee-house together, when Foote, perhaps to keep up the appearance of prosperity, was every now and then showing off a fine gold repeating watch, which he kept either dangling in his hand or up to his ear. At last he suddenly exclaimed, "Zounds! my watch is *stopt*!"—"Poh! poh!" said Macklin, "never mind that, Sam, you may depend upon it, it will soon go!"

GARRICK.

PREVIOUSLY to Foote's bringing out his *Primitive Puppet Show*, at the Haymarket theatre, a lady asked him, "Pray, Sir, are your puppets as large as life?" "Oh dear Madam, no: not much above the size of Garrick?"

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in Cork. "No Sir," said he, quickly, "but I have seen a great many drawings of it."

DIBBLE DAVIS.

Dibble Davis, one of Foote's butts in ordinary, dining one day with him at North-end, observed that, well as he loved porter, he could never drink it *without a head*. "That must be a mistake Dibble," returned his host, "as you have done so to my knowledge above these twenty years."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Lined by a gentleman on being ask'd to visit the garden of Julia, in her absence, and gather the roses.

Your cottage I view'd, and your garden so fair,
But faith not a rose was I suffered to share;
I long to revisit the paths I had trac'd
When by your lov'd presence the moments were grac'd

Return ere the woodbines and roses decay,
From your hand they will blossom more fragrant and gay.

Come and gather yourself the fair roses for me,
'Twill divest them of thorns, if presented by thee.

Immanuel.

By the Same.

Of Love in a cottage, as poets oft tell us,
Of swains who were constant of nymphs, never jealous,

Of feasting on smiles, the sweet smiles of the fair,
Of ambrosial lip-sipping, and treading on air,
They try to persuade us, he'd many a pair.

But I have my doubts, 'tis a fib of the brain,
Oh! it must be an idle chimera, 'tis plain;

A food light as love is, would never suffice,
Besides 'tis administered most at the eyes:

Ah me! I have lov'd, and with energy too,
But I found without solids it never would do.

With competence bless'd, then a cottage and love,

And I swear I'd not envy th' immortals above;
Thy sweet little cottage, the theme of my lays,
And the smiles of my Julia to gladden my days.

*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.***PITHY SENTENCES.**

There is something extremely flattering to a generous mind, in the idea of administering relief to another's pains, to "explain the thought; explore the asking eye." What a delightful employment; and, when crowned with success, by a recovery of our patient, we are conscious of an exultation of mind, which can only arise from the certainty of having done what nature claims, charity enjoins, and heaven approves.

It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the prodigious activity of some women at the call of pleasure, with that indolent life to which many confine themselves: sometimes they seem all fire,—at other times they can scarcely breathe.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

Latest Foreign News.

By the schooner Perseverance, captain Messervy. (arrived at Maablehead, in 39 days from Bordeaux) French papers have been received to the 21st of January—from which it appears that several engagements have taken place between the French and Russians, in which the latter were unfortunate, having lost 80 pieces of cannon; all their waggons; more than 1200 baggage carriages; and 12,000 men in killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. The French had 800 men killed, and 2000 wounded.—The Emperor had ordered his armies into winter quarters. The forty fifth Bulletin, which mentions these successes, is dated *Pulusk*, Dec. 30, 1806.

Capt. Messervy confirms the account of a dreadful malady having appeared in the French armies, and of its having been very destructive. He reports also, that the Emperor had returned to Paris, before he sailed.

Washington, March 5.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that Mr. Erskine has received a copy of the Treaty. It has not come officially to our government. Mr. Maddison has seen the copy—he informed me yesterday that it will require some explanation, which he expects will accompany the communication from our ministers at London.

Deaths in this city during the last week, Men 14, Women 5, Boys 8, Girls 9—total 36.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Capt. Andrew Morehouse, of this city, to Mrs. Mary Clawson, of Philadelphia.

DIED,

On Wednesday last, Mrs. Lydia Bradley, wife of Mr. William Bradley, of this city.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Catharine Secor, wife of Mr. Abraham Secor.

SCHOOL.

MRS. HEARNE returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honored her with the tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her seminary on the first of May next, from No. 35, to 187 Bowery Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary, having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house, for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needle-work, &c. She flatters herself, that from the assiduous pains, and strict attention she is determined to pay to the morals, manners, and erudition of her pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of public patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently, from 12 to 15 young ladies to board and educate, if application be made within six weeks from this date.

March 10.

CIRCASSIAN LOTION, FOR THE SKIN.

Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for surfeits, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured; Animalcula generated under the cuticle or outer skin; prickly heat, shingles, ring-worms, redness of the nose and chin, obstinate cutaneous diseases, and for every impurity or unnatural appearance with which the skin may be affected. To be used as a common wash for clearing and improving the complexion, and in a superior degree, to preserve, soften, cleanse, and beautify the skin.

Sold in half-pint bottles, with printed directions at 4s. each, by appointment, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, 98 Cherry street, near New-Slip.

PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluations, Catarrhs, and all Phthisically complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disagrees with the stomach.

It is as restorative as the Asses Milk, and has the addition of the most healing balsamics. It may be taken at all times. It takes off the fever, recruits the strength, raises and refreshes the spirits, cures all obstructions of the breast and lungs and cures common colds in a few hours.

It is for sale, genuine, at four shillings the bottle, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, New York. Nov. 8.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 92, Greenwich-street, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.



To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

After perusing the following, from an English publication, I thought a transcription of it for the Lady's miscellany, might prove acceptable to your numerous readers.

Yours, S.

MY DAUGHTER.

HOW was my aching bosom torn
With doubts and fears upon that morn,
When thou, first pledge of love, wert born,
My daughter!

Each day I held thee in my arms,
The thought e'en now my bosom warms,
To gaze upon thy infant charms,
My daughter!

And when, baptismal rites to share,
Thy careful nurse her charge did bear,
How ardent was thy father's prayer,
My daughter!

Full-well remember'd is the day,
When in thy pretty prattling way,
Mamma thou first didst seem to say,
My daughter!

Oft too, in infant playfulness,
Thy little hand my face did press,
Oh! then how fondly would I bless
My daughter!

If sickness made thee droop thy head,
How oft I stole with cautious tread,
To watch thy slumbers and thy bed,
My daughter!

Well pleas'd, I trac'd thy growth of thought,
And mark'd with joy, how quick was caught
Each lesson that thy mother taught,
My daughter!

If e'er—as it would sometimes be—
My face look'd grave, thou'dst climb my knee,
And strive to make me share thy glee,
My daughter!

And when thy voice I heard thee raise,
In singing simple sacred lays,
Thou seem'dst an angel hymning praise,
My daughter!

Thy beauties thus I saw increase
In tranquil innocence and peace;
And may such blessings never cease,
My daughter!

But now, the days of childhood fled—
(Sweet, happy days!)—I view with dread
The dangers that are round thee spread,
My daughter!

More fatal than the Siren's song,
The crafty flatterer's wily tongue
Will strive to make thy youth go wrong,
My daughter!

Pleasure will hold her charms to view,
And Fashion tempt thee to pursue
Her dangerous follies ever new,
My daughter!

But, oh! let virtue be preferred,
Hold firm the lessons you have heard,
And ever love God's holy word,
My daughter.

These precepts in remembrance bear,
And Heaven will have thee in its care,
And shield thee from each worldly snare,
My daughter!

Then I, with all a Father's pride,
May see thee happy as a bride,
With blooming children by thy side,
My daughter!

And when this dear delight is mine,
Oh! let me earth for heaven resign,
And there expect in bliss divine,
My daughter!

SONNET.

By Lorenzo de Medici.

Full oft my mind recalls, with tender care,
And memory ever shall preserve the trace,
The vest that rapt her form, the time, the place,
When first I gaz'd, enraptur'd, on my fair:
How then she look'd, thou, Love! art well aware,
For by her side thou kept'st with faithful pace;

Her beauty, virtue, gentleness, and grace,
No fancy can depict, no tongue declare:
O'er her white robe her shining tresses fell;
So sun-beams sporting on the Alpine heights,
Spread o'er the snow in many a golden ray;
But, ah! the time, the place, I spare to tell:
'Tis Paradise where'er her foot alights,
And when her beauties shine abroad, 'tis day.

Let the gall'd jade wince.

Whose is that little ugly thing? said a lady to another very inconsiderately, pointing to a child, "Madam, it is my little girl," replied the other. "Really!" returned the first, "How do you do, my sweet poppet? what a charming child it is!"

Theatrical Chat.

The Boston theatre was crowded every night of Mr. Cooper's performance. Mr. C. received for his share of the profits upwards of two thousand dollars. A handsome reward for the services of nine evenings. *Polyanthos.*

Mr. Bernhard played at New-York to almost empty benches. The theatre is almost deserted by the higher classes of people, for balls and assemblies. *ibid.*

We are willing to allow that the city assemblies were in some degree the cause why the performances of Mr. Bernhard were not more generally attended. But we think his abilities are not so highly estimated here, as at Boston. We saw Mr. B. but in one part, *Dennis Brulgruddery*; and decidedly give the preference to Mr. Harwood's personation of that character.

Mrs Warren closed her engagements on Friday evening the 6th instant, in the character of *Elvira*, which she sustained in that exalted style which distinguishes most of her performances. Neither balls nor assemblies had charms to divert the fashionable part of society from attending her chaste representations. So great was the public anxiety to witness the splendid abilities of this lady, that the boxes were generally engaged a day or two previous to those on which she performed.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum, payable half yearly. No subscription received for a less term than one year. To those who receive them by mail, two dollars, payable in advance.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH, 149, PEARL-STREET.